



FLOWERS FROM GOD

So, there I was, minding my own business in the Target parking lot putting my bag in the car. I looked up and saw a woman walking towards me, smiling like she knew me. I didn't think I knew her but I smiled back anyway. When she got closer, she extended a bouquet of flowers towards me and said, "here, these are for you."

My first crazy thought was, *did I leave something behind at the check-out register?* But I knew I hadn't bought any flowers.

"Why?" I said. "Why are these for me?"

"They're for you because I bought them and then asked God who I should give them to." And then she turned and walked away.

Oooooookaaaay. Cool. **God gave me flowers.** I love getting flowers and he knows it. And boy, did I need flowers that day. And he knew that too.

I was also very impressed with his special delivery mode. A random, smiling stranger.

I had been at Target to pick up two prescriptions and wasn't feeling that hot. I rarely get sick, but I was sick enough to go to the doctor's office and have whatever had infiltrated my body checked out. Yep, a nasty virus got me. At least it wasn't strep throat like I thought, but let's just say I was feeling intolerant and cranky. And the pharmacy was out of stock of one of my medications! The medication I really needed right then. The other one was for just in case I got worse (which I did).

Really? Pharmacies shouldn't run out of prescription cough syrup – now they would have to order it and I'd have to go back the next day and get it. That thought made me just want to drop to the floor right there in a pile and let what would become of me happen.

Do you know the feeling? I felt so bad I couldn't even summon up a spit-wad of anger. Just resignation. If you know me at all, you know that means I was really sick. *Step around me folks. What? Oh well, just go ahead and step on me then while I lay here dying, don't mind me.* Illness brings out the melodramatic side of me. At least in my thoughts. I'm just stoic on the outside.

Meanwhile, I had to buy an over the counter version of the prescription I really needed to get me through the night. That slightly dented my zombie-like state of mind and a sliver of irritation burrowed its way in. I rarely get sick and I'm not a good patient. To me, being sick is a waste of time. And I don't know about you, but because I don't get sick often, I rarely have the things I need on hand for when I do get sick.

As I shuffled away from the pharmacy counter, images of strawberry popsicles started floating in and out of my vision. I managed to get myself to the freezer section....no strawberry popsicles! They were out. AGAIN? Somehow, Acai Blueberry didn't sound as soothing and refreshing, but I wanted popsicles to numb my sore throat. Oh well. I conceded defeat. Blueberry was better than nothing.

This same thing happened with a couple of other items my feverish mind thought would be necessary purchases. The store was out of stock or didn't have what I really wanted so I made do. Again, I could barely summon up the will to care. Or call an associate to check the warehouse stock, which is what I would normally do. I dragged myself toward the check-out with my "bag of disappointment" because I just wanted to get out of there and go home.

And then, enter God's special delivery in the parking lot. My day just got better. Yes, I was sick, but flowers always make me happy.

I don't have any big deep revelation or earth shattering insight to convey to you with this story. Just simply this.

The more I get to know God, my friend, my savior, my provider and protector, my physician and healer, my teacher and liberator, my creator – the more he shows me that he knows me. Really knows me.

In every single family photo album, there I am as a toddler, then as a little girl either holding flowers, sniffing flowers, standing right in the middle of a flower garden looking pleased as punch, or picking the flowers. I love flowers. They delight me. Flowers feel like a necessity to my being. Gaze into the face of a flower and succumb to the beauty of their design. Marvel at their infinite variety and combinations of colors. Inhale their fragrance and go somewhere pleasant in your mind. I cannot wait to meet face to face the creator of such exquisite miraculous beauty.

I know some people who feel that a bouquet of flowers is a waste because they are temporary. I am not one of those people. A beautifully arranged bouquet delights me and doesn't seem wasteful at all. This is how I've always been and who I am.

And because he made me that way and he knows me, he managed to send me a bouquet of flowers on a day I sorely needed them.

Isn't he good?



PS. Yes, this is a true story.

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